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BREWER ST. LONDON W1

London's nightlife comes alive!

THE RAYMOND REVUEBAR
34th
anniversary

blah!

...ntinued from page 4

...the picture set is the best yet ...ase write up you commented ...ut her previous picture sets ...ause she had had a shave in ...e dentist's chair but in this set ...er crevice was back to its ...ormal furry glory. This was ...ade clear by the best picture ...n page 39 where Emma is ...ooking over her shoulder while ...pulling her bum cheeks apart ...and showing us a ...beaut ful hairy bumhole.

Emma must be one horny ...irl to do a set dedicated to ...her most private orifice and I ...wonder if you might ask her to ...do some more because she ...has the most kissable bum I ...have ever seen and this is just ...what us guys want to see more ...of. Congratulations Emma and ...Men Only and keep those ...bottoms in the air.

Gu...
Oxford

...Good evening Sir, Madam
...we laid out your lines of cocaine"

Fantasy Fucking

Sir, I have a weird fetish and ...wonder if any of your readers ...have found they have the ...same desires. I love to fuck ...ebonty lookalikes. I've had ...quite a lot of success and to ...date I've been to bed with ...Cheryl Fenn, Madonna, Liz ...Taylor and Farrah Fawcett to ...name but four. There's ...something incredibly horny ...about the thought of having ...your cock sucked by someone ...famous that I actually find it ...difficult to get worked up about ...anyone who doesn't remind ...me of a star.

That's the downside but ...when you do get to make love ...with a lookalike, then the sex is ...so damn amazing that you ...wouldn't believe it.

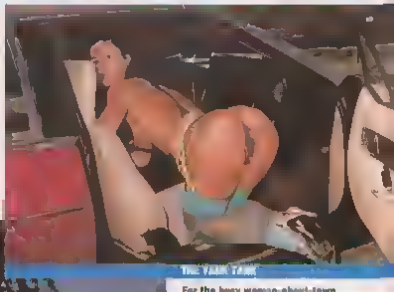
My Madonna was actually called Naomi but she knew that she looked like the singing star and was into her too.

Back at her flat we put some Madonna music on, plus a video containing some of her raunchiest dance numbers.

continued on page 65

IT'S THE WHEEL THING!

Psychologists say that for many men the automobile is simply a symbolic phallus. Then again, many men say that psychologists are dick heads. But what of the female motorist? If, as the adage goes, you are what you drive then surely the type of vehicle a lady drives speaks volumes for her character. Our motoring correspondent, MORTIMER WHEELTRIM asked several women about their choice of car. Expert commentary from REG CLUTCH, Chairman of the All England Car Bore Club.



THE YANK TANK

For the busy woman-about-town, the four-door Cadillac is just the ticket. With ample room in both front and back, this handy motor is precisely the kind of car overworked advertising executive Mandy Maidenform finds absolutely invaluable.

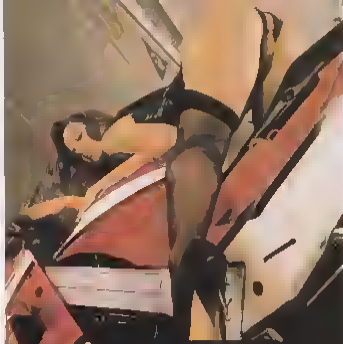
"There's just enough room for my mobile phone, fax machine, photocopier, computer terminal, modem, portable gymnasium and personal vibrator," she tells us. "In fact, so handy is my car I don't even bother going to work any more — I just sit in the garage and conduct my business from there. Beats trying to find a parking space in Soho and it's cheaper than renting an office."

The Clutch Verdict: "Ummm, definitely a useful car for the old city traffic, though I would dispute the cabin compartment capacity. That time we and a few of the lads took an Blanche Dushworthy in the back of one of these I got me back out and Kaz Tadgerthwaite couldn't wear underpants for a month due to excessive crunching of his parts."

KELLY'S KNOCKER

Teutonic efficiency is the watchword for high-flying exec Lucinda Richa Symphe so nothing beats the smooth road holding of her classy Mercedes. Says Lucinda: "Those Germans know a thing or two when it comes to making a motor that never coughs, splutters or throws a moody on you at vital moments of high excitement. Also I wish I could say the same of my husband. Gerald! Of course I don't actually drive the thing myself — my Chinese chauffeur, Wall-Ning does that for me. All I do is caress the gear knob — at least I think it's the gear knob."

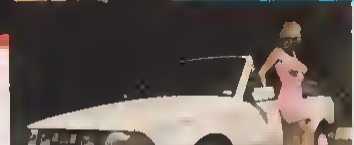
The Clutch Verdict: "Ahh yes, the good old Merc. Well, it's a darn good car. Keeps its value without depreciating too much and then there's that trusty 4 litre 8 valve engine packing ummm 500 bhp or well! Of course, you've got to watch the electric windows, especially if you're waving your willy out of the window while doing 70 on the Skelmersdale bypass."



TWO-WHEELED TWITCH

"I like it hot and throbbing right between my thighs," purrs hard-riding keg-hugger Brenda Bybar "The nerve goes for my motorcycle too. You see, nothing beats the thrill of screaming down the A6 at 120, my nipples all stiff and erect and thrusting against the inside of my slippery skin-tight leathers – and, of course, my plastic love-balls clattering away in my groin. It gets me right creamy n' juicy for when I meet the boyfriend – otherwise known as the Saffron Walden Chopper at the Big Knobhead Drinks MC. And it doesn't take him long to work out exactly which buckles and zips to undo first . . ."

The Clutch Verdict: "I see Brenda favours the Kawasaki 'Crazed Insanity 750cc. Ummm, very well and good, but in my opinion there's no substitute for a solid Italian machine. Good on the open road, turns heads everywhere you go. Yep, you can't beat a Puch 50cc."



The Ford Cabriolet GTI is the ultra-smart motor for martial aids saleswoman Cee Spotte. "I do a lot of travelling in the course of my work," confides Cee, "and naturally I require a lot of room in the boot for all my wares, particularly since we introduced the Mega-Bang Quinze Pussy-Pleaser™ thruster and our brand new range of lifelike Big Arnie Schwarzenegger blow up dolls (just like the real thing, it grants unintelligibly at you and you never see its willy). An unacknowledged inflation of one of those would be awfully embarrassing in a Fiat 500."

The Clutch Verdict: "Yep, just the thing for toting around those potentially socially-awkward devices. My wife Sunshine Clutch has one of those little beauties and to this day no one knows about the 50 gallon drum of Jay Jelly in the boot, or the candid snaps of herself in a PVC fanny-harness in the glove box."

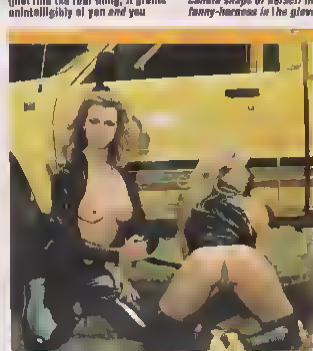
But for sheer unadulterated classiness, only the Rolls Royce can provide that splendid luxury that gleams sophistication and tons of room for practising intriguing sexual acts. It is also the best penis extension on the market and, unlike a porsche, it guarantees more than one nibble – ever tried having a gang-bang in the back of a 944? Says wealthy arch dyke Connie Lingus: "Ever since I traded in the Mini-Metro after receiving some intimate pictures of a Middle-Eastern potentate engaging in devilish acts with a camel my lifestyle has changed completely. I get relaxed into nightclubs, swanky restaurants and get my pussy licked into a frothing frenzy by my purely chauffeur, Mo Tongue – mind you, the Bloody HP payments are a right bugger."

The Clutch Verdict: "You can't go wrong with a Rolls, that's my view. Sumptuous interior, plush upholstery, drinks cabinet and plenty of room to host a swift on-road orgy. The only drawback I'd say is that it's a real hassle getting spunk stains off the leather upholstery and the 100% pure wool carpet."

CLASSIC BRITISH

Classic British elegance is the watchword for glamorous bemcakes Edna Tweed, seen here with her vintage Adams Roadster. "It's wonderful with the top down," sighs Ms Tweed, "I get all goosebumpy with the wind playing over my headlights and making my twin carbs perk up. In fact many's the time I've just throttled back and opened my clutch all the way." Can I you mean 'clinch'? we asked. Edna shook her head and refused all further comment.

The Clutch Verdict: "Ahhh, this is the kind of model you can get really silly about. Note the fine lines, the delicately curved rear and, the beauty of the binnacles and the long sleek smoothly contoured styling . . . ahhh, ahhhh, mmmmm – oh yes, the car's not too bad neither.



"EAVY VAN

Imperious Queen of Domination™ Wanda Whiplash (pictured here with friend) finds her Nissan 4 wheel-drive pick up ideal for dealing with tricky clients. "There's many a squealing warm wanks I've had naked in a tree and pelted with cow dung," she declares. "So this mighty thrashing beast is fine and dandy for ploughing through muddy fields in search of the perfect location for smiting the sweaty insignificant scum about the hindquarters with a facetious request it's economical of petrol, too!"

The Clutch Verdict: "Well, lying talks to genital aids and doing and things to their appendages is all very well and good, but my choice would have to be a good old Land-Rover. For one thing, you get rather pleasant sensations when locked to the radiator at a constant 20mph . . . whoops!"

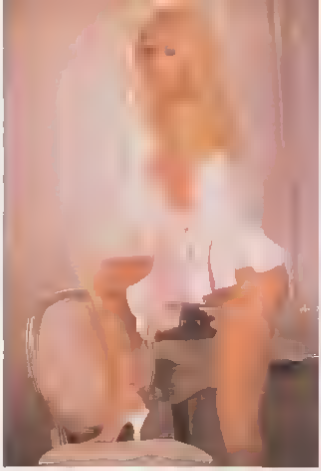
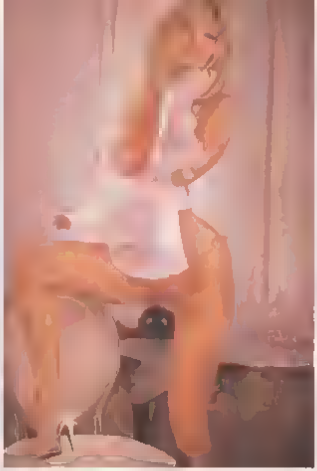
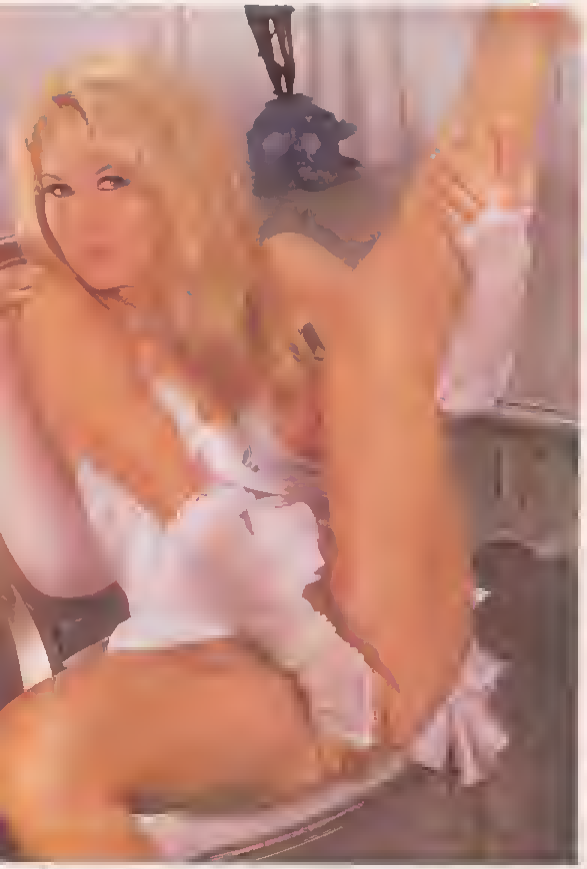
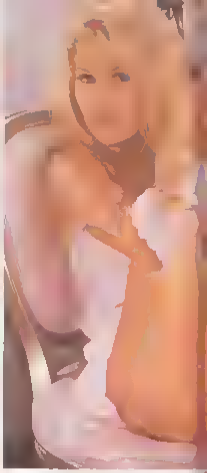
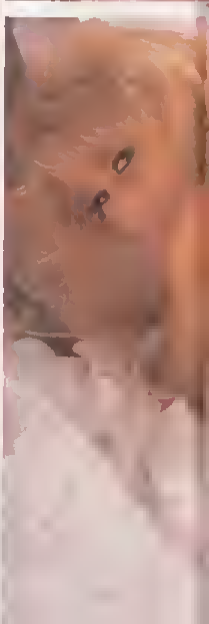



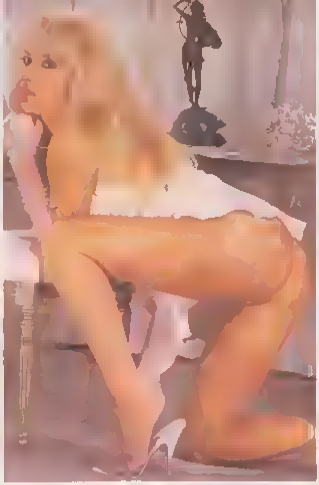
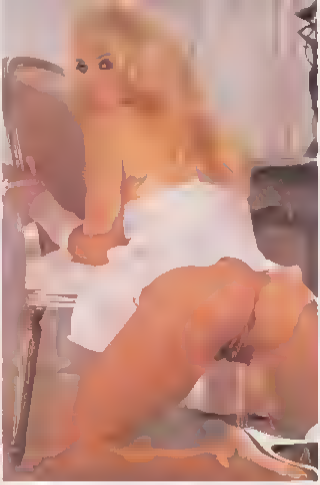
PHOTO RAFF BY JOHN COPELAND

Chrissy



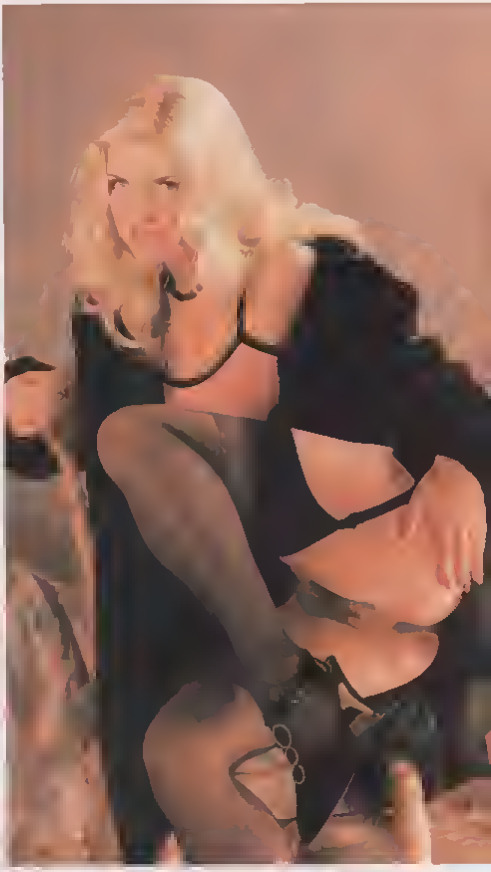


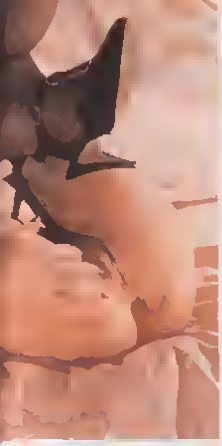


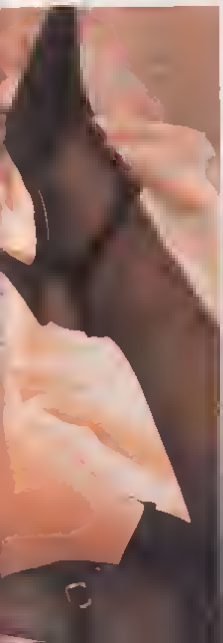



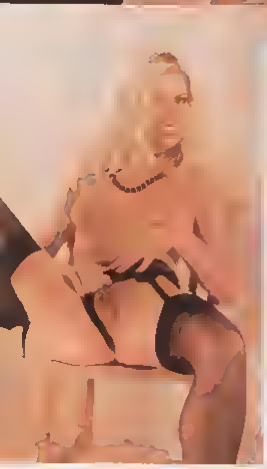
CLAIRE

EDITION LIMITÉE ET NUMÉROTÉE









MEN ONLY

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A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

VOLUME 58 NUMBER 12

BLAH!	3
THE DONE THING *The Rev Giles Uttoxeter*	4
GOTCHA	5
CO-RESPONDENT	9
THE WHEEL THING	10
CHRISSY *John Copeland*	12
JOYCE *Jack Harrison*	19
QUIZZLE	24
MOTORING	24
SATINDER *Ralph Medland*	26
WORLD OF NOOKIE *Ed Knox*	32
RACHEL *V v Thomas*	33
CLAIRE *Joanne Allum*	43
SOCCER	53
EMMA *Lee Randall*	59
PRIVATE PARTS	67
KIRSTY *Jack Harrison*	80
LISA MARIE *Chuck Waggoner*	93

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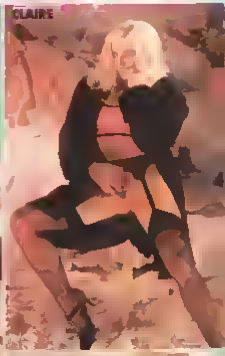

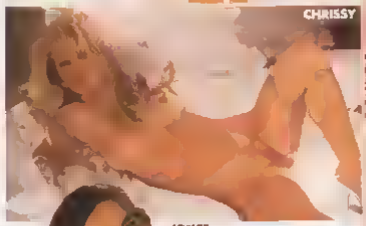

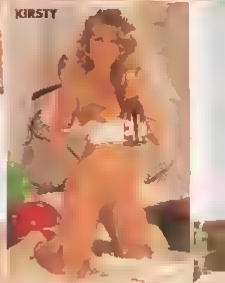

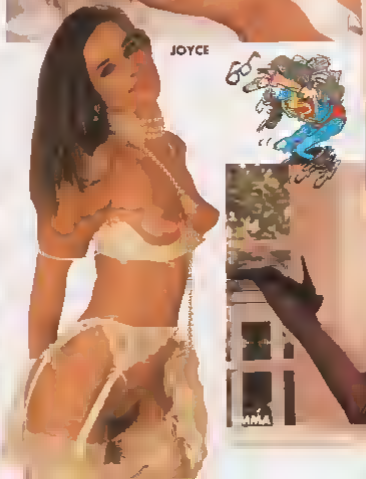

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Every issue we ask a distinguished person to interviewee Men Only but this month we just to ansks do with The Chancer of the Exchequer . . .

Many of you may be wondering what a Chancer of the Exchequer actually does, I know I do. It's a common misconception that my job is simply to look the economy up, and that's part of it of course, but there's far more to it than that.

I personally Chancer most days before the pressures associated with the different demands that I am by making, which means being a headache, divorce, pulverising, screaming babe into the bargain. I however like to think I maintain a

But the job's not under any illusion by the people who are not in the least bit interested to why I'm taking out at 30p per knob look. Worst (a progressive life which means the bastards with big pricks pay more), all they want to know is whether I am planning to stop into John Major's shoes should he, by some fantastic chance, fall down the steps of Number 10 while he's whacks off my subsidised Hooker and Mars. Me, personally, I just happen to be practising defensive driving techniques in Downing Street.

Let's steer this up more and for all John is a nice chap, an interesting conversationalist right minded bloke. The ideal politician from which, should my country call and a convenient he 10 box happens to be passing, he shoves him into the traffic.

That's what I call politicians with a firm declaration of support.

The hardest thing about being Chancer is that everyone hates you. I understand that, I hate myself after every budget. I make I'm an ordinary-ish guy. I like to chop wife before his feet in red wine, smoke 20 packs of menthol slivers a day and indulge a good fart are made on the exit door.

And yet I have to keep bungling the way Everyone knows because I'm simply won't work in a democracy unless it's politically correct. It's yet to be an accounting people that guilty about, like mugging, drink-driving, selling for John Major, or working on the environment. Raise the VAT on fuel. We may not like it but there's no unanswerable argument for treating the people to death. Besides we only eat nuts, (unless my friend John Prescott), always pedal as much as we can and don't drive cars. In the old days when people had jobs, working a fortune to perceive and breathing all sort poisonous and unpervious matter, it was a very different question.

But nowadays one has to make this sort of sacrifice for the good of the nation.

blah!

Feeling rude, rampant or reuechy? Why not write and share it with the rest of us. Letters to: The Editor, Men Only, P.R Publications, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF

Brown Girl

Sir, Thank you very much for printing the pictures of Claire from South Shields (Vol 56 No 7). She is my dream girl.

Last year on holiday I was sitting on a quiet beach in Greece when a Scandinavian family came along. The parents were forty-something and the daughter was a beautiful fifteen-year-old with flaxen hair. They sat down very close to me, though only Swedes have. They stretched their towels out, stripped naked and sat down. I lay on mine in the heat. They lay down and soon all seemed to be asleep. The

daughter had pale young skin. She was wearing nothing but sunglasses. As I could not see her eyes I could not tell. [illegible] was changing [illegible] asleep. I was a dirty old man. I could not help looking at her. She stood [illegible] and smaller [illegible] exposed for only [illegible] her beautiful young [illegible] me excellent [illegible]

Since I may [illegible] get his [illegible] every [illegible] see no [illegible] little [illegible]

MEN ONLY
VOLUME 58 NUMBER 12 £2.25
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SEX CRAZY!

SUBURBIA'S HORNY HOUSEWIVES GO GANG BANG MAD!

GIRLS WHO GAG FOR IT

TOOL-HUNGRY SEX MECHANICS ON THE JOB!

THE NAUGHTIEST GIRLS STRIP FOR MEN ONLY

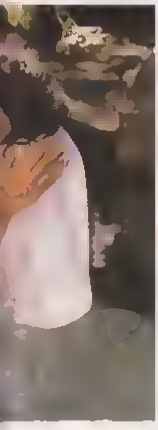
20

CURVY CUTIES STRIP STARKERS INSIDE!

DRIBBLE BEFORE YOU SHOOT!

OUR NAKED BALL-CRAZY SOCCER SUCKERS WORK YOUR TACKLE!

Emma



gotcha

a wench waiting more than a thousand words for a spanking. Ah well. It's about time for her to bend over the buttocking chair and abandon her charming white nates to my admonishing right hand.

It'll hurt me more than it hurts her... would willingly have dismissed her but her pleading softened me. There are no other jobs in Dorsetshire. And I suppose dismissal is a harsh punishment for parasitic use...

...ide brush. Although... ...are very few things...

...for TeleCom's newest... ...ney, at all... ...the past, celebrated telephone... ...parties have needed the caller to be instantly connected to any number in the world except the one you actually called," he announced. "Yeah, try and find the office only to find yourself speaking to some old lady in Hungry Horsh who knows no... ...about her piles and the inefficiency of Armani suppositories, but with TeleCom all this will change. Okay, you still won't get through to the number you actually wanted, but with my operation you'll reach my beloved nonchalants Sharon and Shadow (pictured) in their... ...Lies, Limited and... ...you entertained with... ...stories of how... ...Sharon's drawer at a... ...ing (wrong, this... ...for a cream... ...Sport, eh?"

...ed as to whether... ...operation... ...received... ...ted by... ...ers as normal... ...ness proceeded. Mr... ...claims replied, "If... ...ing like fellow... ...ank. What there's... ...ent Night's entertainment."

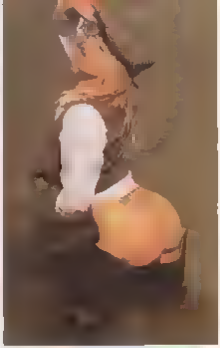
...more than a badly... ...ed spider.

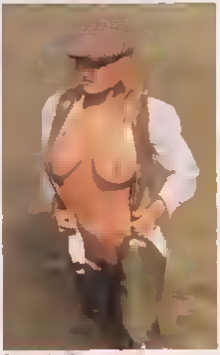
RULE OF CUM: Amazing how... ...t's to put on a parrot... ...ers in the middle of... ...e was!? Oh yes... ...y disgraceful... ...women... ...n gentlemen... ...esher course... ...pelle. Here... ...ine to which a... ...n't sink in his... ...ensure his... ...gers dry.

MONEY. There's absolutely... ...ga in promising a... ...re fortune. I shall... ...puzzle. This is... ...holiest of... ...and its rules are... ...prayer book in... ...arms.

...m sha... say... ...hee...

Never quite see why girls go fly fishing really. I mean what do you do with a fly when you've caught it? Granted it might taste great filleted and fried in batter, but you'd need a micro-surgeon to fillet it, which would bring your fly and trips to £3675.50 a portion – not to speak of the cost of losing your no claims discount. RUPA.

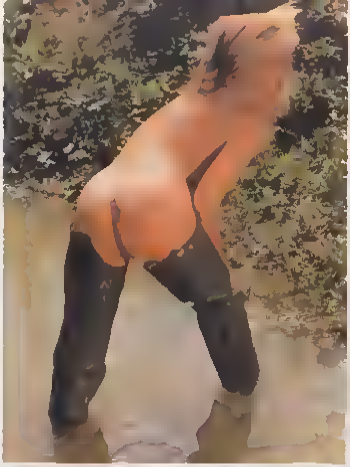


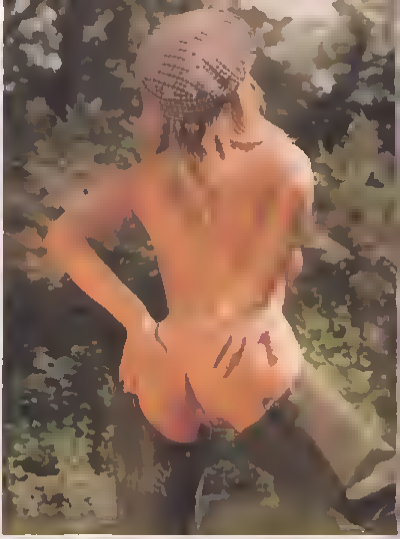


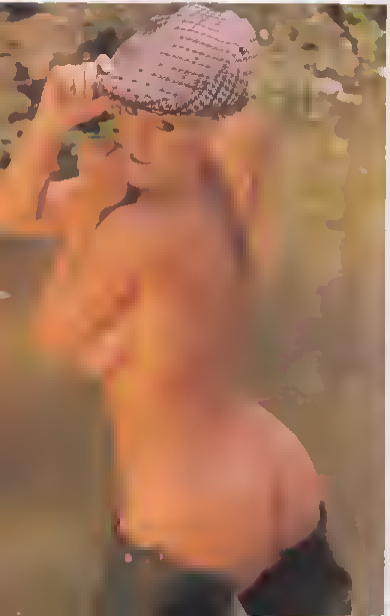
Seriously: if a woman wants to catch a fly there's absolutely no need for her to go thrashing a reach of the Hampshire Testes. She's far better off tickling for them. You know, you reach down ever so slowly and stroke gently along the length of your quarry, tickling it until it rubs itself against the palm of your hand when you can open its zip, get a firm grip on it and toss it off onto the bank. Maybe they'll take it as security on your mortgage. (36C-21-37)

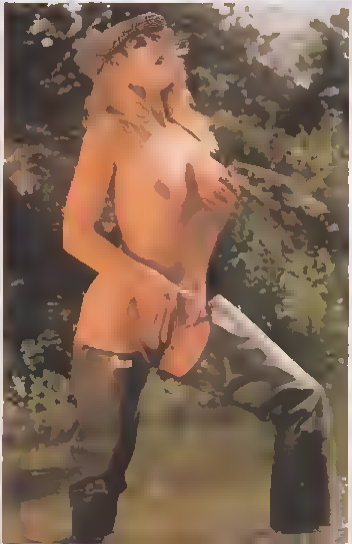
To be fair most women know this. By all means offer her your fly to tickle, but the chances are she'll say she's spanning for pike and she throws back anything less than a thrashing 30 pounder.

Your only chance is to get into scuba gear where the hook through your snorkel and let her drag you ashore. You'll end up mounted in a glass case, but she's gonna have to stuff you first.

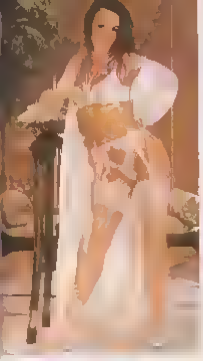


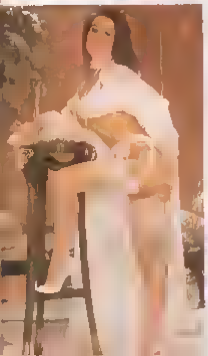




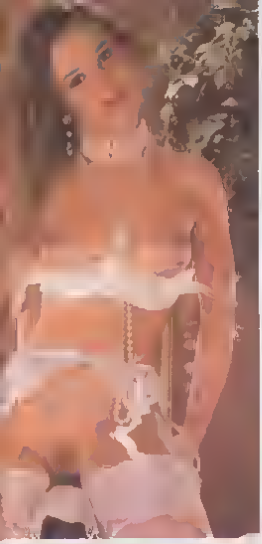


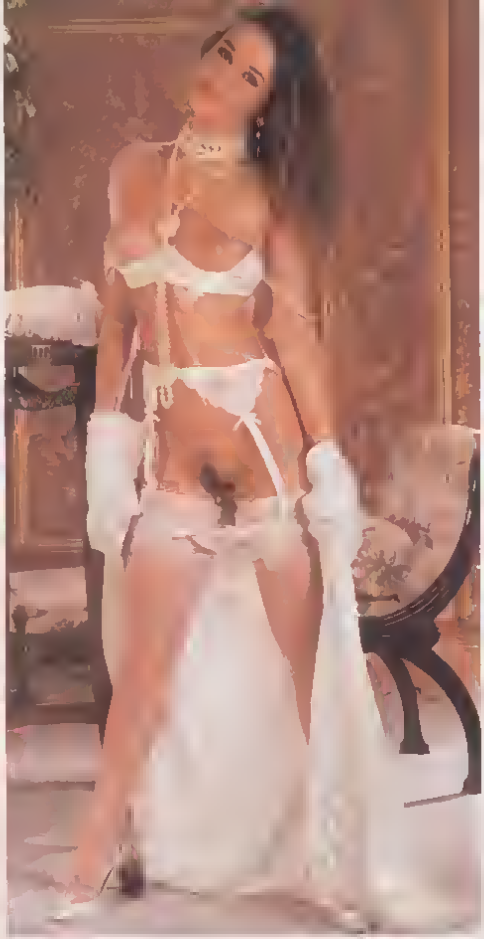
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON



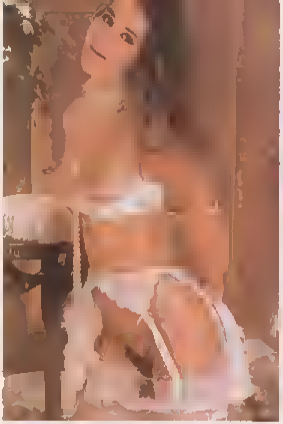


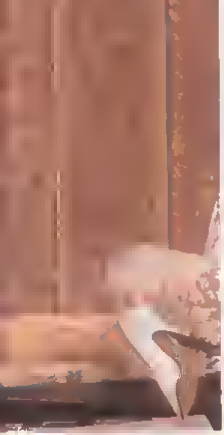
JOYCE





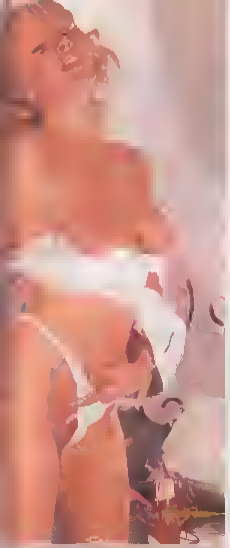
We don't know what qualifies are required to [illegible] and respect [illegible] school, but as far as we can see the only one [illegible] shouldn't wear nipples. And none of them [illegible] Whenever comes to manners and decency she has none. [illegible] bring up. Dead before you get to describe [illegible] Who's whose mane [illegible] So [illegible] fur [illegible] speaking. [illegible]

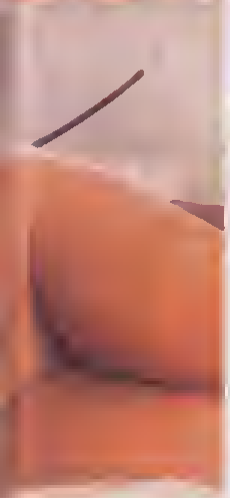




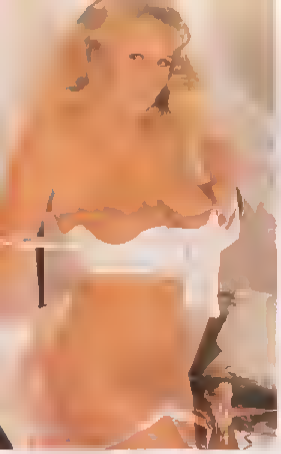
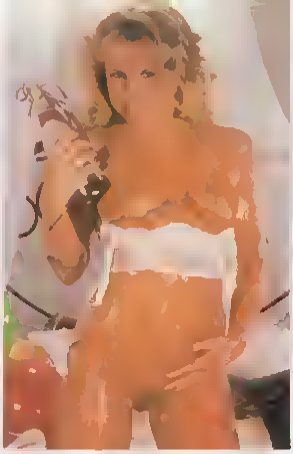
th ug h ahd well at was thu fi ct ch ral exam
C ll ra l s grounds ml hss sh tavs (SAB 22 30)
W ll h n doe t sound hk Freed l ral to me All th girl s I v known who are real
y t l ks t s vanst ng wfsh thus re ar t sweet Ogsh sogg h slurp although thai
l h l l fred l ha ppen
l ll h k s w how to take h l t ters ll ad jog her hits t you until your brain hurts
W ys s ay be what girl learn ny dh s hool these days apart from hersse hockey
l l ng ral all the other th ng th sweetes gels we ve got these days As well as wh h
l l your leg wh n tugh ng the girth of a h rse f rse 71 74 70)

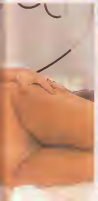
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

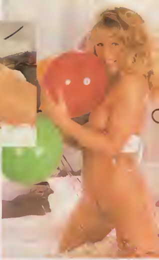




KIRSTY





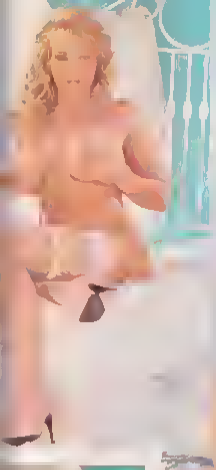
Yes [illegible] in your [illegible] *Men Only*. This little [illegible] [illegible] other than the current darling of the [illegible] Palmer [illegible] 19 year old [illegible] who [illegible] the breakfast muffins and strawberry jam as her bountiful [illegible] 35) burst [illegible] between the adverts for thermal underwear and the story about the [illegible] and the unaddressed brown paper parcel from the [illegible] Appliance [illegible] Shop.

[illegible] a Page Three Filly of course. Some of them get [illegible] all [illegible] and unwilling to bare all for rude publications like [illegible] Not so [illegible] plucky girl who's always game for a quick flash of her [illegible] when you consider that these lasses are usually surrounded by all kinds of [illegible] and image consultants who'll tell them to keep their [illegible] girl next door image (something of a misnomer where we're interested [illegible] girls next door being the staff of the [illegible] Blue Hostess Bar and about as [illegible] Wonderland and Tripe [illegible])

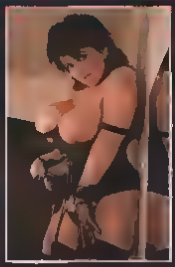
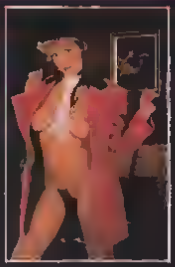
[illegible] could [illegible] of Kirsty's [illegible] pages of MO [illegible] where [illegible] [illegible]

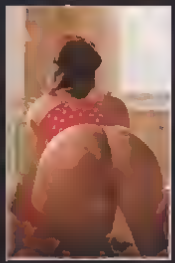
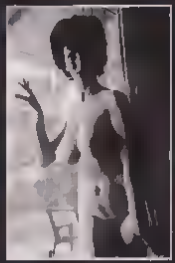
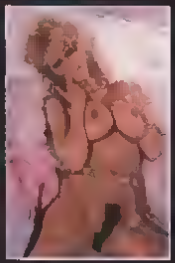
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUCK WAGGONER

LISA~MARIE



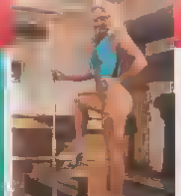
When you're driving down the Mulholland [illegible] with a tidal wave that would [illegible] (36D 22-37). But the [illegible] sweet gang up [illegible] what Lisa either. That high-powered [illegible] other Lisa Marie is so old-fashioned [illegible] Her only contribution [illegible] Apart from that she likes to [illegible] scarlet Tuffon negligee [illegible] plucking her eyebrows waxing her legs [illegible] rent finishing manicures stockings and [illegible] legs for shaw to dress her bottom when [illegible] Then she goes shopping [illegible] store in the village that [illegible] After which [illegible] will be [illegible]

We all know there's nobody randier than the British woman looking for a good boaking, and *Men Only*'s Private Parts is where you get the full, uncensored truth! The next 12 pages are the exclusive work of our rampant female readership, brought to life in all their horny glory. So if you want to share your dirtiest experience with almost a million readers, write to Private Parts, Men Only, Paul Raymond Publications, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF.

rural raunch



eight-ball!

Name Cann
Age 26
Hometown Oxford
Occupation Assistant Bank Manageress
Marital Status Mar ed

When C eg (not my husband) announced he was going to have an ex ann an pub on the hours I wan da ghed. I won less delighted when anca was completed the ul n zed pos ele n an used but then guess I should have known C eg no h nat he likes and had always wanted a po spe nfa n the haune so he and his mates could came ound and have a night of. However I never thought that cn one nuch n ghn t would be me hey d haun!

C eg and I have always been keen on exper menting with sex we like ry ng t all d fferent ways and ge quite k nky th ll from th ngs ke da ng in sky places on my ng ght bandage games and what have you. A haut ha only th ng we ho Jn t ve win ntroducing m s partne n a m ca up our fun l s ways hough C eg wasn t nto he des but one night as we were uched up in bed watching Red Ha Dutch en sett le he e wanna mov s how mp whe e fo olands wan ra k ng on h ee fe kies o um e A. urur! was s o ng C eg n he dy ck as we watched and I made a comment on how l h y d wan na g t g t ng b g n Tm un alway eue ywhe e on l he ka en pu g off all ove t er C eg wo m k ng. You k d of l he he dea ds on you' re a d All l hane wel hung guys n yourself I could un see you tak ng an ch ree s n d blokes getting eve y wh c way

H n s my tall wan un ng me an name h ng c n and squeezed h s pick ha de Wha d d a rema k ed ys d be too jealous a e me je fucked by anyone else wc ldn yan?

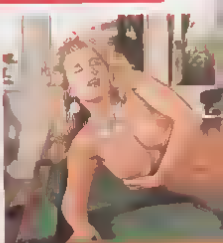
He a el h n ayes ows I e n a he s ad could be su e o h nc see s my sexy w fe getting n s we l l e ha H n ack n ssed h s de n my hand and I ne ea hc wa eally get ng off on he dea B t hen he rolled me ouer nn cs n m and n s gad tha fat he a l n n ack up aga n t my

n p n as and w k nd n n f he conne nc an d e na h e hough am n nd n my h d n name weeks la e when y me ame d he was n v ng o n c f nam es d ound m w e ng la t y au he n c ut m t udd y occu ed o he e wa he ea n y

ey y - only n v t ng them na y n a l sc ew my ea h nc bc ng so bold as c w n ned ov gh C eg c e l augh T s ne n m he sa d u mmm happen guess hop n ecam ?

h w yc c n nake up you ow m d w e e that wan a yen o n c u of ha ay of wa t cau dn k ep my m nd off the pan ca y ha I m gh ha happen k ew he w g y who were co n ac cuc q e well Gary and Andy and we c ga n nfe They we e h about Cra g s ages (31 and we c qu e good look ng had haug t about them sexu ly before a fa d t happen d be ma e an ha s y

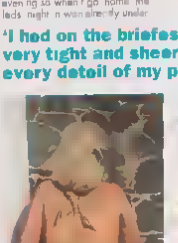
My fa wan de ayed that ev n ng so when I go home the lads night n was already under

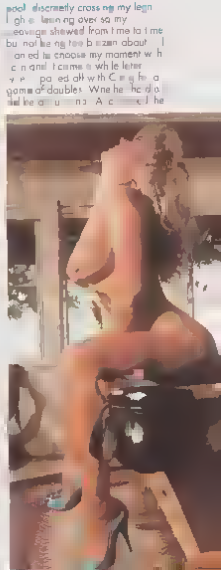


y un a wn un w c C eg m d m l y b e and he wan de th n mo en ect on Fc m wan ge ng qu e e n n e ha gh of maybe hav ng a la them on gh

But la he ame long I kept t to myself I sat around as the lads shat

'I had on the briefest panties I had, very tight and sheer so they outlined every detail of my pussy . . .'





pod discreetly cross ng my legn I gh e lean ng over so my eav ge showed from t me to t me bu not he ng too b zen about I on ed to choose my moment w h c n gh I came o wh le ete w m pa ed off with C eg h a game of double. W he he d o he ne a u n a C e d he

wc ng u c he hn t en g ge h n en J ont there wu ne n n ew way he n d nc e he u ou dn t be aa ba e d n hnnged mo tamu g e ng Tho wan Ee gge n w ng fa o d hu an n nc we ed len c nnec a mpy cp anc cy k wa j eeave v nce h e and mp ov ed wh be en pa en he uy gn cna me na he cu n en c n punny I nd a e y n he wh wa ea y ge ng off on he dea B hen he ro led me ouer nn cs n m and n s gad tha fat he a l n n ack up aga n t my

white bel ely sh
gers an ha maxi nar e l
his play t As I di a my n
ro le up and al of m a
grantedly v ew t ny t
stre ched all o l ear p
ac ross my bum I as Id feel he
eyes foc sed on he bulge of my
pussy be ely ad t ned beneath my
pants-c ut r

Looks like ticky shit" I hissed
C g mu mu Maybe we ough a
ga fo t a pink

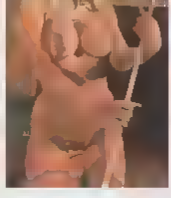
mma sussie Andy replied
looks like you'd need a pretty
long cue to reach t ell the way

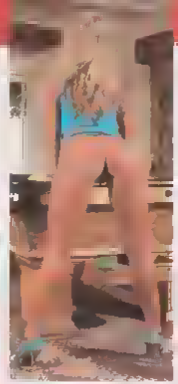
I had a the guys in gge
footsteps beh nd me and then to
my utter del ght I felt hands clamp
my bum cheeks t smly squeezing
the two globes and e f inger
slipping ns de my tu ckers to ar ive
my ma st fanny "You re wet
C ne hen d C ne for the
we enough for h se I reckon
I glanced ove my shoulder and
saw hem grouped behind me all
t hem nu sing off his obvious thick
meat in the t ousse "Gerry"
said Craig fancy ing for that
pink mon t just this moment I cide
should sto that I reckon

Ge y g nned and e ouched
down beh nd me press ng his face
between my h ghs as Cra g held
aside my panties to he e my
e xotically pairing pussy As Gerry
ang tongue sl d between my ma
petals I moaned a delight and
wriggled my e re back ago nst his
dea ously prob ng tongue as he
slithered h gher up my ass e to
flick lightly against he head of my
clit wh ch had already become
very hard and was throbbing with
a ach ng need

As Gerry l cked my twat Andy
pped est at my tits and ripped
hands under my top to fondle
ha ra boobs The nipples were
w ng and meus ca ng up as
ds owed and kneaded my
ash Beautiful its he
Mm n perfectly sha and
a good suck ng!

be e uppe half of my body
y ap was pulled over my
y owed h s head to my
t ok ass o my au ver ng
t les between h s as and

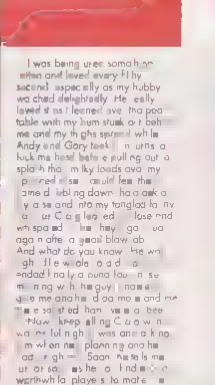




Cra a ma weathed
C g nt ayes g azed with lus
he wanted nself age nst my
ha head of his weapon
al an ear nally hold
He k ow how sens va
y we e and how much del ght
ould ge s mply from having them
ested and stressed That get even

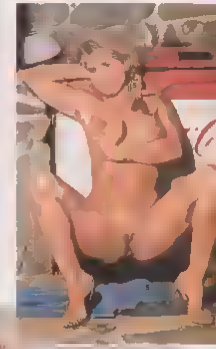
'I could feel their come dribbling down the crack of my arse and into my tangled fanny hairs . . .'

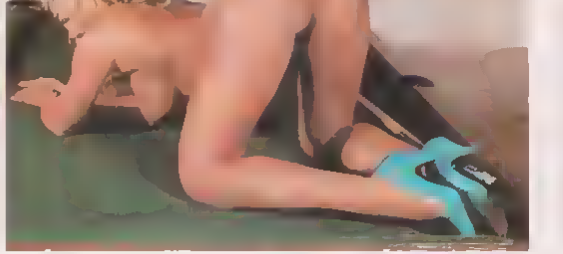
center pocket with Gerry s long
curved p ck pounding away at my
pussy wh le my hand dangled back
ards tha other s de to accommodate
Andy s sp d bed in my mouth
Cra g was subb ng his shiny cock
hole ega nst my hand-p pped hits
and I was climbs ng ove and over
again Fuck me harder!" I moaned
to Ge y through my mo thful of stiff
er ck "Make me come ago n! I
want everyth ng —



I was being urea somath ge
ether and loved every th ng
sucend especially as my hubby
wa chad delightedly He eally
loved it as I leaned ove the poo
table with my bum stuck o t behi
me and my th ghs spread wh le
Andy and Gary took n turns a
fuck me hard beh e pull ng out a
splash tha m lky loads ava my
pe ne d ss I could feel the
ame d leb ng down ha ask a
y a se and into my tangled fa ny
a ur Cra g lay ed ose nd
wh spered his hay ua
aga n afte a great blow ab
And what do you know he wa
gh tle w ole o ad
endad t nally a ound lau n se
m n ng w h his guy name
gave me and his dea mo s and me
e se sa sfied han was a bee

Now keep all ng Cra w n
a me lul n gh was and k no
m wh an ma plann ng and his
ad r gh Soon he is ma
ut or so she o f nd s
worthwh la playe s to make a
decen au naman ab eah
such ad





airs & hounds

Name Im ges
Age 27
Hometown Edie
Occupation PR Consultant
Marital Status Engaged

I ll confes. I wasn t born into the upper class! I s just that my f Max is what you d call ro ed though when I met I m he e realised pretty lucky how well e se we, certainly I ne t thought was the type who wen d hounds at least not in the unnuance I ne h ph ng

I just love the B a de a horse ding with that

N d Max he had the e It ted had and he ju perfectly So drove up to his Le e there and I got ha lobber d ne e ed, as I and hat in front of the h w ery well M ghgum hile

to it. He chuckled during just that. After that I m almost rambunctious look over and we ended up doing it over the side reeking horse in his parents attic. All the same good practice for Sunday, eh?" smirked Max.

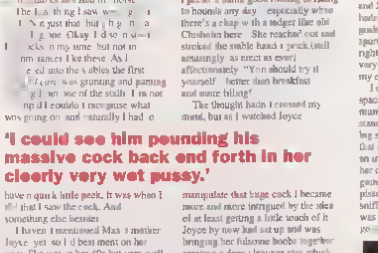
Sunday dawned bright and clear when I didn t and when I came time to sit down to Max s parents, jumbles of pink vaguely meant I was feeling less than perfectly acute. That s what vintage champagne does to you, Max, however, was all energy. Look, he said, fanning as I struggled into my riding gear. I m going to look after the vintage. You ride with me so you don t catch up out the woods when I m running the terrup

hunt balls and find m horse. The last thing I saw was g t I N t just that but h g n a I g ne. Okay I d s n w I kicks my tune but not in nn nances I ke these. As I e d into the bibles the first I Horse was grunting and panting g l en ne of the stalls. I m not np d I couldn t recognise what was going on and naturally I had o

"Imogen" she cried. "How are you this morning. I hammered out in reply to the effect that I was feeling slimy but mostly I just blushed. Joyce noted my discomfort and pulled forward, leaving her stable hand s cock dangling stickily in space. "Say these Chisholm Parker Connolds" him. "I haven t finished with you yet." She rolled over and sidled up at me, her face flushed. "I m sorry, dear" she said. "I thought you and Max had gone off. I d never have indulged like this otherwise."

"Oh, that s alright." I said. "It just came on me, a surprise, but s all."

Joyce grinned. "Not used to our country ways, I see." She inched



I prefer a damn good rustling in riding to hounds any day - especially when there's a cheap with a nudger like old Chisholm here." She reached out and stroked the stable hand s prick (still amazingly as erect as ever) affectionately. "You should try it yourself - better than breakfast and more filling."

The thought hadn t crossed my mind, but as I watched Joyce

'I could see him pounding his massive cock back and forth in her cleerly very wet pussy.'

have a quick little peek. It was when I did that I saw the cock. And something else besides.

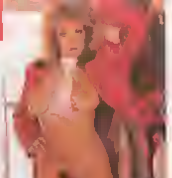
I haven t mentioned Max s mother Joyce yet so I d best ment on her now. She was in her 40s but very well preserved with a full voluptuous figure handsome face and flowing golden hair. However I hadn t seen her like this - on her hands and knees in the straw her jods around her t tics her big boobs dangling from her blouse and her pussy getting rid of all of the huge prick swinging from one of the stable hands a gh cocking cheap cum flat cap who s chewing a matchstick as he pounded his massive cock back and forth in her clearly very wet pussy. I must have spent so h shock, because I s ked to her shoulder and g standing there with my hand n mouth in amazement. Strangely n g he looks seem the least bit b ss s a be ng caught in I should not on her husband. Instead he just gave me a cheery wave with her hand.

manipulate that huge cock I became more and more intrigued by the idea of at least getting a little touch of it. Joyce by now had sat up and was bringing her fulsome boobs together creating a deep cleavage into which she drew Chisholm s stout cock. "C mon, Chisholm" she muttered are you going to give your mattress some of that luscious spunk eh?"

Chisholm shall h s cock back and forth between Joyce s boobs and h was then I was stricken by the sheer horn ness of the situation. It was so eccentric so quintessentially *English*, I couldn t resist. "Here, I said, "I bet this ll help h m do it."

I quickly unbuttoned my blouse an I bared my pert boobs. Joyce was impressed. Ummm what *darling* tas, she sighed. "Look Chisholm now you can spank the both of us."

I went and crouched beside Max a mother. Her hand reached out and her fingers skewered my nipples. In the sharp morning air they puckered up immediately and grew even larger as Chisholm s big wavy prick buffed



against them. Joyce shuffled around the straw so that the stable hand s cock was trapped between my medium-sized boobs and her huge squishy one. "Go on, Chisholm!" she breathed. "Pump away. Let s see your love juice."

Chisholm adjusted his cap back on his head and set to sliding his prick in between our t ts very ly. Oh, he gu hes such a lot. I m good sighed Joyce rubbing her nipples against mine. I can t wait for you to see it all squirting out.

This was crazy - but at the same time a hell of a lot of fun and from the way I ll shrink was breathing it seemed I w sn t the only one.

Mmmmm, moaned Joyce. "He s going to do it. He s going to spunk!

Aaaahhhh I moaned. Chisholm s h ck twitching fiercely. And then we saw h m deliver his cock erupting huge milky globs of spunk over mine and Joyce s boobs. Believe me Joyce hadn t been lying when she said he g ded a lot. I counted at least ten big spurts splashing out only I m not sure right up into our faces too. I felt one very sticky string of come go splat on my cheek.

I could tell you much more but I space - about how I watched Max a mum suck Chisholm back to a full stand again and how I had him do that big spurt right up my cunny later on that m rning. Or even how Joyce told us once Max later that I was helping her out with some chores instead of going on the hunt. Max was pretty pissed off - they hadn t even had a sniff of the fox all morning. But there was m re e I s wh def n ely go

that's handy, man!

Name Lynn
Age 34
Hometown Huddersfield
Occupation Part-Time Cleaner
Marital Status Married

My hubby wanks his dick which is a right buggers to get his leg fucking over which is why I tend I was hung my whole mouse and more

So when the bloody washing machine broke down that was still unsolved! I rushed and ordered one immediate! Part do tonight my...

Stupid it "Ring the bloody repairs company" was his advice. So that's what I did. Of course as well, they couldn't send anyone over 'til the next day!

He was this young lad. Lonely and fit as hell. He'd say. Even in his grungy overalls he looked quite cute and my foul mood mellowed right away. "Come on in," I said. "It's right through here in the kitchen."

Wayne (that was the young lad's name) had a look at the machine and said he would instantly. As he crouched down to peer at the machine I popped I got a chance to check out his bum. Hmmm, not bad I thought. Come on think of it he was quite yummy! Just the sort he

No I couldn't do this, could I? But he made me! I watched him working away, the bastard looked. Do you fancy a cuppa?" I asked. Wayne nodded. "Love one," he replied. I'd keen his dark blue eyes.

"Will you be all right luv, will I've just gotta pop upstairs." Wayne nodded as I lash him to some hurried rip to the bedroom. Five minutes later I was back in the kitchen. Wayne was still bent over the washer hose at work.

"Tea's ready Wayne," I told him. He turned around. "Now then," I said "how d'you like it

His answer did come straight away, but that was hardly surprising. There I was, leaning over the table with my big arse on view and my legs sheathed in sexy red stockings. I'd got ages ago. My pussy was covered with a match-ing g string bright he could see every detail of my crotch through it and as I wiggled my bum teasingly must have been obvious what I was after!

"I like it just the way it comes," murmured Wayne, creeping his spanner and coming up behind me. Nice and creamy. His hands touched me and cupped my fat arse. I felt fingers digging into each of my sticky buttcheeks before he drew his index finger down the crack and into my pussy to fiddle my twat through the sheer fabric.

sorts of stuff. Yes! Fuck me, fuck me you fuck-ing bastard!

Eventually I had Wayne mad that he was going to come in my knickers and his came in one of my tights! I had to finish myself off with my fingers!

Well Wayne was only too

'There I was, leaning over the table with my big arse on view and my legs sheathed in sexy red stockings . . .'

"Knell breathed Wayne. You're a right randy bitch aren't you?" I just giggled and grassed my cunt hair-ier arse as his probing fingers enjoyed the squelchy sensation as he pr sed apart my pussy lips.

Then I felt his cock all hard and stiff as hell as he pressed it right between the cheeks of my arse, rubbing it up and down my crevice. By now I was gagging for him to slap it up me and crouched behind me to hug my g-string aside only for Wayne to grab the thong by the band and pull it down to my knees. The tip of his stonker pushed eagerly my damp love-lips and then I felt out a long green as his spunk ing me all the way in one long thrust. Bloody hell! He was built like a bleed-n ox himself. How do you like it lady?" he asked. "Hard and fu- D slow and steamy?"

nst g ve me a good beating!" I ned back, gripping the sides of the w to keep myself just from fall-ing he hell over mat!"

Well Wayne was up to the task pounding that big p ck n and out my pussy like a man possessed. God was he some d ck! I put hund- n and moaned and moaned as he fastened my arse with his hips on every thrust I started to get off and as he lt e on th t nock headed p n n e plowed n e hinge t n n n hon ng all

happy and managed to stop his spunking n me for me to get down on my knees and take his cock in my mouth (my fave way!) then he let n go. I tell you what he had the tastiest spunk of any bloke I ever swallowed!

Well at least now I know what he did I got really desperate

hot tub!

Name Jenn
Age 30
Hometown Homerton
Occupation Daycare assistant
Marital Status Single

Kathy's my best friend and also the first girl who ever licked my pussy. A few weeks ago she came up with a new idea for having lots of fun. At first I have to confess I wasn't so sure. I mean, doing it with her in private was one thing but in front of the camera? And for a guy I didn't even know? Well that was different, wasn't it?

But Kathy insisted. "It's for Phil," she told me. "He's ever so sweet and ever since I told him I went both ways it's been doing his head in. If he does some pictures of me and you doing it, then maybe it'll help him get it out of his system."

The more she talked about it the more keen on the idea I became. Kathy assured me the snaps would be only for her and Phil's private collection and that Phil would keep his hands (and dong) to himself. "Unless," she added, "you feel like a bit yourself!"

Phil turned out to be quite a sweetie. He was tall and fairly handsome, not a bit like I'd envisaged and suddenly I didn't feel too bothered about getting a bit naughty in his presence.

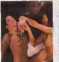
We were in his bathroom, the tub all filled to the brim with suds. Kathy and I went in just our skimpy sexy undies and Phil was [illegible] with his expensive looking camera set up. "Come on, Jen," whispered Kathy into my ear, "let's get really sexy and see how hot under the collar it makes him, yeah?"

Seeing her gorgeous body again after all this time reminded me of the fun we'd had and as we slipped into the bath and her silky slip became all wet, the fabric clinging to her hard nipples, I was as eager for fun as she was.

"Mmmm!" I murmured as her smooth fingers traced the outline of my 36C tits and gently rubbed the foam into the skin. "You haven't lost your touch, have you?"

"You neither!" Kathy groaned in return, thrusting her tits towards me as I lightly stroked her rigid teats. "I'm feeling creamy already. I can't wait for that lovely tongue of yours!"

I checked on Phil as he clicked away. There was no mistaking the firm bulge in the front of his track pants [illegible]



'Lick me, Jen, lick me," she groaned, fingering her pussy lips. "Fuck me with that tongue like you used to . . .'

please the guy! She hauled herself up on to the edge of the bath so her tight bum was poised on the rim and tugged aside the crutch of her drenched panties to show me her most tender quim, moist not just because she'd been sitting in a full-to-the-brim bath.

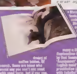
"Lick me, Jen," she groaned, her fingers pulling her lips open to reveal her inner wetness. "Fuck me with that tongue just like you used to."

This might have been a trip down memory lane but some things you simply never forget and as soon as my tongue made contact with Kathy's wonderful cunt the recollections came flooding back, not least how Kathy juiced up so much when she was really aroused, her pussy dribbling juice almost from the sound I teased the tip of my tongue between her petals and dragged it upwards to torment her clit. That was as hard as ever and large as well so I could almost lock my lips around [illegible] like a tiny cock.

"Ahhh," she moaned, writhing her muscle into my face with [illegible] urgency. "Ohhh! That's [illegible]

THE WRITE STUFF

Horny, pervy, or simply downright questionable, Ed's guide to the raunchiest reads around will more than likely tell you where to get the dirty thing . . .



• From Midsummer Books comes *The Journal of Erotica*, a quarterly large-format 130-page tome devoted to 'quality' erotic photography and fiction. Make no mistake, this is high-class stuff — [illegible] just page after page [illegible] of steamy stuff [illegible] up the coffee table. Of course, there are those who would say you can't mix smut with good taste, but if you can, then this volume achieves just that with its gold-embossed cover and sumptuous pages covering every aspect of erotica from Victorians to modern-day whips 'n' chains pervery. A sample volume costs £9.90 (normal price £12.50) and a year's subscription goes for £30.50, saving you a tenner in the long run. For more info contact The Journal of Erotica, Midsummer Books, FREEPOST, PO Box 2822, London W5 2RR.

• Steamy reads a-plenty feature in the first catalogue from Books Direct, a new company specialising in erotic books by post. A browse through the illustrated brochure uncovers many a little gem, such as *Confessions Of An English Maid* by that famous erotic writer 'Anonymous' which is 'the tale of English maid's descent into prostitution (and an obsession with fellatio)' and only £3.50 to boot. Or how about *The* [illegible] *The City of One-Night Stands*? All of these guaranteed 100% honest smut. For a catalogue, write to Books Direct, FREEPOST, Nightingale House, 1 Fulham High Street, London SW6 3YZ.

• In a lighter vein, those seeking smutty chuckles [illegible] might be advised to check out Dave Smith and Mike Gordon's *Strange But True Facts About Sex* (Pinnacle Books, £4.99), which is apparently a 'wry celebration of smutty trivia' regarding the sex lives of various notables from politicians, authors, popes, film stars and so on. If you always wanted to know who was doing who, this is just the ticket! Just the thing for those late-night arguments that begin 'Weren't they screwing so-and-so once?' It's an international best-seller, claim the publishers, already translated into Danish, French, German, Polish and [illegible]

big bust lust

Name Cindy
Age 27
Hometown Durham
Occupation Kissogram Girl
Marital Status Single

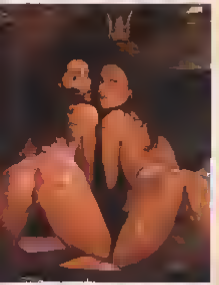
How many of you fellas like big girls? I bet it's more than you'd think. Okay, you flick through mag like Men Only and there's all these slim lasses with model-girl figures, which is fine, they're all very attractive, but sometimes when you're looking for a damn good, naughty time nothing beats a gal you can really get a hold of – a girl just like me!

I work as a kissogram girl through. I don't actually do much kissing. I get booked for all sorts of occasions – stag nights especially. The place goes wild when I wobble in wearing my tight-laced up corset with a little whip I have. All in all it's great fun, but sometimes the fun doesn't stop there. Several times I've ended up taking one of the blokes home after a night's work and they love it when I play in my hairy outfit as we have a hot and steamy session. It turns me on too.

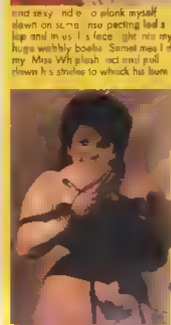
The best occasion I can recall was the time I was doing this lad's stag night. As I wriggled around in his lap I could feel a right big hard-on growing under my satin knickers and when it came time for me to give him a spanking I was worried about his big stonker popping out. The bash was being held in a private room behind the Working Men's Club so it wasn't as if there were members of the public to worry about so, thinking what the hell, I pulled the guy (Kevin, he was called) to his feet and put him over my stockinged thighs before hauling down his keks and whapping his bum with my lace gloved hand. As his mates all cheered along, that was I was spanking him I again became aware of his big hard-on rubbing against my suspenders and bare thigh. There was no doubt he was turned on, but then so was I! After I finished spanking him I quickly pulled up his keks and, taking advantage of all the noise all around us, quickly whispered in his ear, "Meet us in the car park in ten minutes and I'll give you a proper prezzie! After that I quickly made my exit and hurried outside, wrapping my coat around me and wandering casually in my car.

Fifteen minutes later I saw him sneaking out. He saw me and hurried over as I got out of the car to greet him. "Told me mates I were taking a leak," he exclaimed. "I'll make you look!" I grinned, letting my coat fall open so he could feast his eyes on my big soft tits hardly held in by my corset. "I

'I let my coat fall open so he could feast his eyes on my big soft tits hardly held in by my corset . . .'



end sexy and I'd plonk myself down on some unsuspecting lad's lap and invite his face right into my huge wobbly boobs. Sometimes I'd tie my Miss Whiplash outfit and pull down his strides to whack his bum

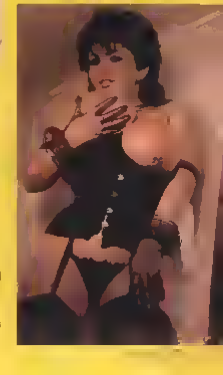


felt how big you were getting – but you like big lasses, eh?"

"Aye," replied Kev, especially when they get blokely big, is like yours. Right gimme the harn!"

I couldn't wait any longer. "Get in the back, pet!" I urged him. I wanted good look at your horn."

We clambered in the back of my Cortina and right away I went for his knob. When I got it out I was just as big as I'd felt in the club as



ree whoppa Bloody hel
gasped I hope you w ie for
handle emorrow n gh
gasped my f s on t wanted
h m few t mes before lenn ng
down and g v ng h m a p ase
gehtw suck ng t eally loudly
before lean ng back and pull ng off
my knickers to shew him my b g
hairy bush Kev lay back and l
stroked his huge cock before

nnking of dow n wet
night us e l way

Stew h fe thn t ook ome
hammer ng and he no mu t have
been sck ng l ke a pig or a
pumped up p g d w on Kev s
most ve p ck l ned on e t was,
t d dn take me long to come off
but I had the feel ng that Kev wasn't
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me exactly wh t he eally wanted
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Damn ght he d d Stik ng his
ore ly cock n between them Kev
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spunky c ream all ove my sexy sheath
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As he l n shed m k ng the lust
c oss of n r ome ove my a gela l
hea d he beg nn ngs of a massive
ount of cumhouse and looked up
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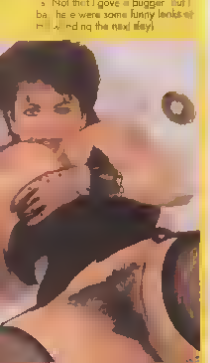
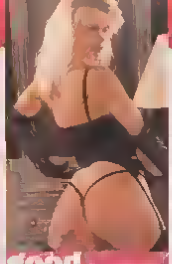
s Not that I gove a bugger but I
ba he e were some funny looks on
th f nd ng the next day!

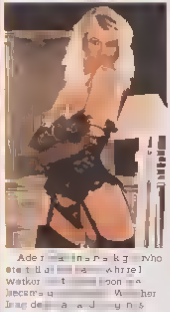




good vibrations!

Name Lynda
Age 21
Hometown Sittingbourne
Occupation Trainee Hairstylist
Marital Status Single

Ever since an ex boyfriend gave me a rabbit (he said it'll've been great pals with my vibrator. Not as good as the real thing, you say? Well, maybe, but since that first evening with Adele I've not had much need of the genuine a



Adele ins ng who
ere t a s whr e l
Wat ur t upon me
Jeans u t W her
Imag de a d y n .
Ihewe kun s es unn ngly
attractive and mo l n e ew
times I've gl s a hung
her whe I s n behind
her and her beau t figure with
high firm breast was outlined
through her un orm but
whethe I fa de k I wasn't
sure I didn't e en know
whether I had a crush on her
or was Though they lectured in
my abdom nal an as es I d never
had a sexual exper once with a
girl and I was just ok ng

All that came to a head one
Friday night. A bunch of us had
gone out to celebrate the
birthday of one of the girls from the
salon and by midnight only
Adele and I were left in any
shape or form capable. We were
tipsy but oo toasty to call it a
night yet, so when I suggested a

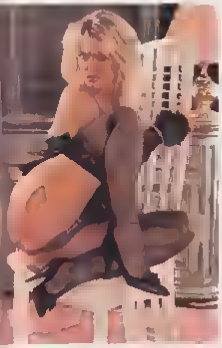
. . . I placed the vibrator close to her quim and pressed the buzzing tip upon her moist pussy lips . . .

my case, your pussy get wet?
Then she asked me why I didn't have a current steady and I brushed off her question, saying I was looking and anyway I always had my trusty vibrator. At this, Adele's eyes widened.

You've got one? she said. Can I see it?

Well I felt sexy in her company so I popped into the bedroom and fetched it out from the bedside drawer. Adele giggled as I handed it to her.

How does it work? she asked

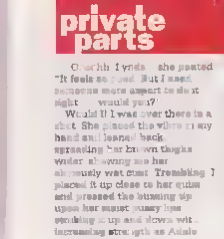


Cruelly I wished she pouted "It feels so good. But I need someone more expert to do it right ... would you?"

Would I! I was over there in a shot. She placed the vibrator in my hand and leaned back, spreading her brown thighs wider as waving me her clitoris was erect. Trembling I placed it up close to her clitoris and pressed the buzzing tip upon her burnt sienna love pudding it up and down with increasing strength as Adele moaned louder and louder. Her burst opened and I saw the glistening head of the fat wee lady "Aaaa for me. I lost control and pressed it right to her clit. Adele arched her back and groaned savagely. "Put it up me!" she begged. "Put it right up my cunt!"

I did just that, inching it into her hot lay her before stroking it back and forth with the same rhythm I've learned to enjoy myself. Adele responded by pulling down her top to free her big round breasts and stroking and pinching her nipples harder as her orgasm neared. With a huge wail of delight she came off and I saw her spicy juices dribbling out over the shaft of the vibrator.

Jesus that was good she gasped and before I could say anything she'd leaned forward taken my head in her hands and kissed me deeply. Stunned as I was I responded passionately and our bodies fell together on the carpet as we rolled over and over our hands exploring each others bodies with mounting eagerness. That night I had my first lesbian experience and I can honestly say I've never known satisfaction like that before. Now we're regular partners and, so far as I'm concerned, it's all down to that nasty plastic vibrator of mine!



my confession

If you've had an exciting or extraordinary sexual experience and feel the need to unburden your horn, then we're the readers then you've come to the right piece! Write to the Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF

Name Amanda
Age 30
Hometown, Glasgow
Occupation, Cosmetics Saleswoman
Marital Status: Married

I suppose it had to happen sooner or later and to be honest, George and I had weathered the recession quite well but when the cutbacks began to take effect at his firm and they started withdrawing all overtime then I knew it years truly was going to have to get a job.

I'd made my best pal had been doing the cosmetics thing for a couple of years so getting started wasn't a problem at all. In fact after a few months I actually began to enjoy it, and after all, get me out of the house and enable me to meet a whole lot of different people. I soon found out other women weren't the narrow minded majority we'd been led to believe was one I'll never forget meeting him!

When I'm working my outfits I always look smart – crisp blouse, skirt etc. I always wear smart underwear too – stockings not tights. It makes me feel more confident when I'm working and anyway as I'm usually meeting women it's not as if I'm likely to be seduced by them is it? It was looking like this when I first met Neal. I'd called round to drop off a brochure with his wife Penny and he'd opened the door and I'd instantly been taken with his tall good looks and easy charm. Penny however was less likeable. She wasn't ugly but there was a constant dark cloud hanging over her. I didn't enjoy. All the same she was a customer.

Ever so I wasn't looking forward to calling on Penny that evening. My mood lifted somewhat when the door opened and there stood Neal, clad in a few things from the... but I hated some of it. Could you help?

I thought about it, but my desire to make a sale overrode any other considerations, especially that of going into a house alone with a man I just knew was naked under a bathrobe. I entered and Neal led me through to the front room, offering me a seat on the sofa. He sat down beside me as I flicked open the catalogue and pointed out various items I thought might interest Penny. Neal appeared interested enough, but

'I caught him sneaking looks down my blouse . . . he was more interested in me than in the wares I had to sell . . .'

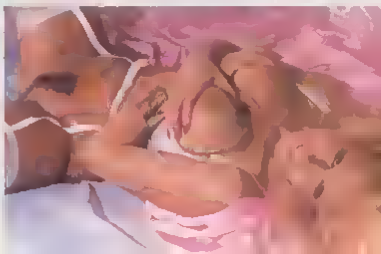
his hair wet as if he'd just stepped out of a shower.

"Penny's not in, I'm afraid," he told me. "Her sister's not well so she's staying over there for the week, helping out."

"Oh, sorry to hear it," I replied unwarily rather relieved. "Well, I'll just leave the catalogue here and come back next week."

I handed Neal the brochure. He took it, then paused. "Tell you what," he said. "It's Penny's birthday soon. I could get her a

I caught him sneaking looks down the front of my blouse and started to get the idea he was maybe more interested in me than the wares I had to sell. The thing was, Neal was such a handsome fella I wasn't completely upset and the closer he moved to me, the more I started thinking naughty thoughts. I'd been married to George nigh on years and, to be truthful, the chance of some extra marital nooky had never



arsen. And even though I did adore George, well, our sex life had become a bit dull of late, what with all the worries and that, and

Neal placed his hand squarely on my knee. That sorted that out for me, making a move on me! All the same, I blurted out "Do you know I'm a married woman?"

Neal grinned, "and I'm a married man," he said. "But I'm sorry – that doesn't stop me from finding you very attractive."

Now my head was swimming, I was torn between finding Neal really desirable and remembering my marriage vows. His hand was sliding higher up my thigh, urching back the hem of my skirt to reveal the tops of my white stockings and the suspenders stretched across my bare thigh. "I knew it," said Neal. "Stockings. Just what a sensual woman like you would wear."

My resistance was ebbing away and my thoughts I had that I could stop this were tempered by the thought that beneath that bathrobe this fella was completely naked, that just one simple move on my part and I'd see his cock in all its glory.

I put up no struggle when he leaned towards me and began to kiss my neck, moving upward till his lips were pressed against mine. When his tongue slipped between them to meet mine I gave up any semblance of a fight and embraced him back just as passionately. Now I could feel the need inside me, the ache between my thighs as our bodies pressed together and I felt his fingers plucking at the buttons of my smart crisp blouse, popping them one by one until it fell open and his hand reached inside to caress my full breasts through my bra. My nipples hardened to his touch. "You've got a fantastic body, Amanda," he breathed, "so firm and sexy."

"But what about you?" I teased him back. "What have you got to offer me then?"

I was pumping at his cock now, crazy for the way it twitched and jerked in my hungry mouth . . .

Neal groaned and pulled away as he stood up and placed his hands at the knot that held his bathrobe together. He tugged at it and the robe fell away to show me, as Adam standing there before me! He was powerfully built, his muscles well defined and hardly a spare inch on him except for when on his sturdy thighs where a fat cock swelled up semi-hard but already improved on what I'd seen in the flesh and as a wasstruck was I at its appearance I couldn't help but reach out and clutch it in my fingers. It grew further almost right away getting harder and harder as I stroked my fingers up and down its enormous length. Now my earlier apprehension gave way to pure lust and as I leaned up towards my face I gave in to temptation and stretched forward to brush its smooth dark head with the tip of my tongue.

"Ahhhh!" sighed Neal "that feels good." His words encouraged me as did the clean fresh taste of his prick. I parted my lips and curled them around the bulb of that cock, sucking my head further forward till I must have had about three or four inches of that thick muscle in my mouth. It had been some time since I'd given a man any oral.

A sucking but instinctively my cheeks hollowed and my tongue set to work licking all around the veiny contours of his shaft as my hands teased his heavy bollocks. I was pumping at his cock now crazy for the way it twitched and jerked in my mouth. I was getting carried away so much so that it was only when Neal groaned and I tasted fresh spunk on my tongue that I realised how carried away I'd been. Instantly I pulled my head back, not wanting to drain him of his cup and leave nothing for me.

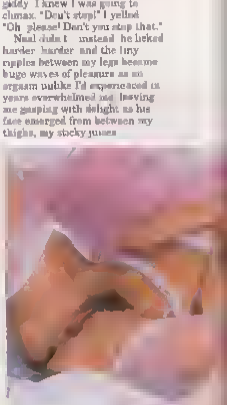
"Phew that was close!" grinned Neal. "When a woman's that good you just don't want it to stop do you?"

"But I did," I remanded him. "I'm not doing this just for your pleasure you know!"

"I know," he said, kneeling down in front of me as I sat on the sofa "spread your legs and I'll return the favour."

His tongue was a revelation! We were so entranced I hadn't time to get my knickers off so I just tugged the gusset aside as Neal's tongue shot wetly into all my little crevices and folds. Now this was something. Oral sex was something George had always been keen to receive when we married, but never to give but here was a man who obviously liked to go down on a woman and what was more he was an expert! My thighs tensed unbelievably as Neal's tongue flicked insistently against my hard clitoris over and over and round and round. I felt dizzy giddy. I knew I was going to climax. "Don't stop!" I yelled. "Oh please! Don't you stop that."

Neal didn't instead he licked harder harder and the tiny ripples between my legs became huge waves of pleasure as no orgasm before I'd experienced in years overwhelmed me, leaving me gasping with delight as his face emerged from between my thighs, my sticky juices



glistening on her lips and chin. "Christ, Amanda!" he panted. "If my tongue can make you do that, what'll my cock do?"

I raised my legs toward him and told him to remove my knickers. "Now show me!" I urged him, spreading my stockinged thighs as wide as I could and letting him see my wet cunt all ready for him.

It was some fuck – as soon as Neal's monster powered into me I lost all control and bucked my hips back at him as hard as I

could. We rolled off the couch and on to the rug so he could have me from behind. His fingers grasped at my hanging boobs, pinching my nipples [illegible] so I neared another climax and then another, another... I couldn't recall ever having experienced such an intense fuck and by the time Neal groaned and I felt his pent up balls unload what felt like gallons of spunk into me I'd lost count of my orgasms. It had been the most incredible sexual experience of my life.

You'd expect that to have been the start of a mad affair, but after much thought and consideration I finally told Neal no. I didn't want to take the risk. It'd been wonderful, but I had to think of George. All the same though, I made sure he bought plenty of stuff from me – Fanny must have wondered how he knew as much about cosmetics

THE FILTH SCANNER

If it's going to make your VCR smoulder then you can rest assured [illegible] DIRK PESTER has probably already got a [illegible] copy [illegible] . . .

To be completely honest, only someone possessed of the utmost vulgarity and bad taste, someone who revelled in sexist, misogynistic 'humour' of a questionable type, could fully enjoy our first release of the month, Derek & Clive Get The Horn (PolyGram Video, £14.99), in which two of Britain's most famous comedians, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, utterly destroy their reputations in a ninety-minute orgy of obscene outrage involving a rubber doll, stripper and stick of celery. [illegible]

[illegible] recommend it highly enough. This is definitely the one to get this month – slap it in the VCR the next time that boring bloody maiden aunt from Eastbourne comes round for tea and watch the plastic fruit fall of her hat in shock. [illegible]

[illegible]

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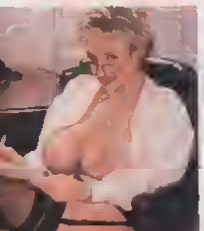


camilla's column

Sympathetic and uneshamedly sensual, there's nothing you can't tell Camilla. If you have any problems about your sexuality, or your love life, then write to Camilla's Column, Man Only, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF.

Dear Camilla: You are a lovely girl. I particularly like your big breasts, not so big bum and shaven cunt.

I would like to fuck you doggy style. As you say this allows deeper penetration. It also has several other advantages. I would stroke your breasts and hope to feel your nipples growing very hard. I would also enjoy playing with your clit. I would start off fucking in and out slowly to make it last a long time. I would enjoy your bum wobbling against my stomach and hope you would enjoy the feel of my pubic hair against it and my balls slapping against your thighs. If you want me to speed up I hope you would reach between my legs and play with my balls. When you are about to come I hope you would pull my balls quite hard. I am sure we would then come together explosively because I would still be stroking your breasts and clit while fucking you fast.

After resting a little, I hope you would lick my nipples and then slowly down to my balls while placing your cunt on my mouth and telling me to lick out all my spunk. I love a girl to suck me off, but it is also pleasant to be wanked off properly especially if the girl rubs hard and fast when I am coming.

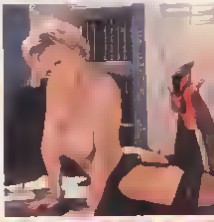
I would like to see a photo of you with your cunt lips apart

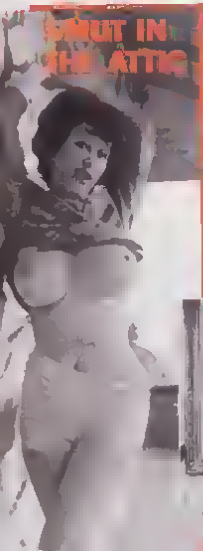
because this would make me wonder what has just been in there. If you would tell me in your piece I would be most interested.

I would also like to see a photo of you with your mouth open and a blob of spunk on your tongue because this would remind me of one of my most enjoyable experiences. I will tell you about this sometime. If you like, but just now I am feeling very horny and have to stop for a wank. How I wish you were here to do just as you like with my cock and balls. Much love

(J.W., London N6)

Dear J.W. Almost a real and to the point letter. I must say. To be totally truthful, I'll admit that really enjoys most about some men's when they won't tell you what it is they enjoy most. However, in your case the debate doesn't apply. You are out there, a man who knows what he likes and can't afraid to ask. Yet at the same time you don't seem to be the selfish type that only concentrates on his own pleasure – you seem sensual and heedful of a woman's needs. I'm sure your wife or girlfriend must be one lucky lady. As to your photo request, much as I'd love to oblige, I cannot in safely say that the powers that be will let me, and take a very dim view of such as I like me being as naughty as you suggest spoilsports. All the same thank you for your horny letter. I made me tingle all over! Love, Camilla.

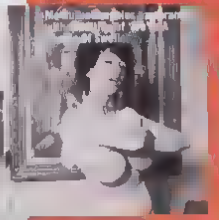


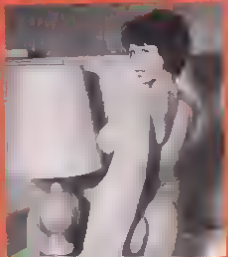


SHUT IN THE ATTIC

Prime pussy in that packing case? Whispers by the water-heater? Will Camilla's column ever be safe? Read on and wonder for ever!

History (and this month: World golfing Gold-medal blonde achieves fame and fortune by retreating to the bed of the Peppermint Lounge, Soho Translation and limited hypersensitivity to Camilla's penile(sic) by the discovery of her huge whispery clit? You get an A+ if the name Carol Vorderman leaps to mind. You, Mr Poole were quite a catch back in those fortuning 50s (mostly because of your hot proximity to that sweet dancing mouth of the enchanting why, even 'style guru' Tom Wolfe – he of the 'style-obsessed contemporary' fame – made of Poole's acquaintance in an





achievement though he did note that the loss wasn't quite as serious as restricted her . . . skirt, Mr Poole was the first object of renown to own her up. Next, dammit to that most star-studded wonderbirth: silence. So, next time you find yourself all overcome upon thinking one of those fortunately large-breasted ladies requiring out and anywhere (there's more, just remember the lady who made it all possible –

However, as her ex was quite determined to further shunning an mention of the place who made her famous, Mr Poole has not requested our most 'embarrassing' to be able to place her hand into forward for handwards, or even her shoulder if needs be). And of course she never is famous, as our

Paula relaxes at home – oh to be her neighbour

correspondent in W of Gloucester, who kindly furnished those studies of both Paula and Mr Poole, points out, "Paula Hamm was one of those almost-a looking girls (and by that standard of girly pinup-ogliness**

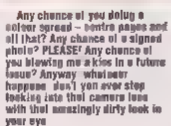
private parts

Dearest Camilla: My name is DH, I'm 35 and I'm from Surrey. The reason I am writing is to tell you that compared with the countless thousands of heavenly babes MG has featured over the years, you are by far the most luscious! You, my dearest Camilla, are ONE MAJOR BABE! Not only have you the most tongue-danglingly curvaceous figure in the known cosmos, the raunchiest smacklicit bottom – the likes of which I would like to staple-gun my tongue to for an eternity – the most heart-sleepingly perfect tits I have ever had the pleasure of clapping eyes on but, my dearest Camilla, you have the kind of face at which I could stare for an eternity. You are quite the most beautiful creature ever to grace the pages of MG.

Call me bad, call me perverted, but I must confess to have been buying two copies of MG of late, just so that I can cut out your pictures and piece them safe between the leather folds of my wallet. Call me sick, call me any time, but I must confess also to have taken my (his art of wanking myself off while gazing at your

@*$$?!@ GOD BUT YOU BE ONE HORNY BITCH!!!

Now I would love to have you suck my hard dick whilst I played with your huge tits and that sexy crut of yours. I tell you, my own self your name written on it and no mistake

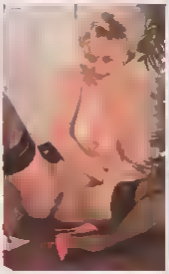


Any chance of you doing a colour spread – centre pages and all that? Any chance of a signed photo? PLEASE! Any chance of you blowing me a kiss in a future issue? Anyway whatever happens don't you ever stop looking into that camera lens with that amazingly dirty look in your eye
(D H, South Croydon)

Dear D H Who says Croydon is the armpit of the South where nothing ever happens? Judging from your letter it would seem the place is seething with wacky fellas and large amounts of testosterone by the sound of it! Many thanks for your saxy and witty comments. I'm afraid I've got a cold at the moment but your elle[illegible]me up through my sniffles. Photos? Well I keep mentioning it to the Ed and he delegates someone to get on with it and in the end nothing seems to happen so we'll have to keep you posted on that one. The same for a photosef you. I'm afraid. That's always going to happen next month when they go to the pub and (unwrongly forgotten) but something you can be certain of is that is that I'll keep on flashing at the camera in the same way, so you fellas know I'm thinking the same as you. D[illegible]an D H. There's a big [illegible] for you.

Dear Camilla: Please please please fulfill my fantasy. I buy Men Only every month just so I can look at your saxy face and body. Camilla, I think that you are a very beautiful-looking and saxy woman.

Camilla please pose for me. Could you please wear a wedding



dress complete with saxy bra, stockings and suspenders. Then please pose with your gorgeous tits over the top of your dress and pull up the bottom of the dress displaying your crut.

I know your column is a problem solver. My only problem is that I cannot get enough of you. I'm looking forward to the best wank ever. You'll you do not want to wear a wedding dress you choose something
(D.R., Warrington)

Carol Dodo: Is it live ...? Or is it Mannequin?

Nic Dodo in classic 60's writhing on rug pose

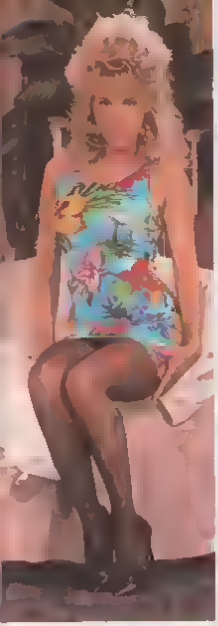
Dear D R A wedding dress? Well as I told you in the earlier letter, yours truly always likes a chap who knows his mind and you definitely fit into that category. Alas I think that might be a teensy bit of a problem as our photographers don't usually such an item in their wardrobes. Which isn't to say I'm not looking into the possibility because I sounds like a lot of fun. If we can't get that request together, you can be well and sometimes just as horny to [illegible] Camilla

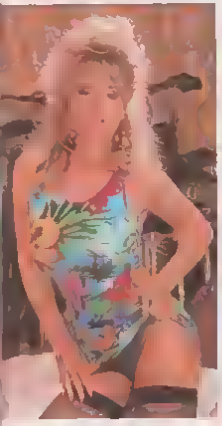
George Harrison Movie. One look at her pussy would surely help you understand that!

Error, typist, P W, and again, reason for delving into the author of your left handedness and sending them to me. All

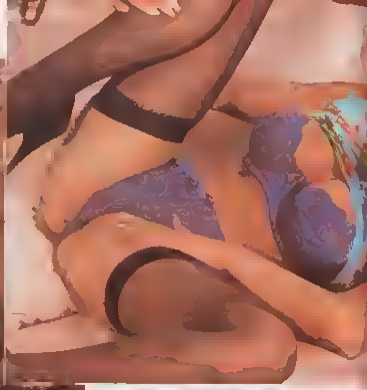
always, any submissions are welcomed at the usual address and remember to envelope to MAG so we can send the book as the glasses are we'll lose your address in the envelope! otherwise . . .

RACHEL

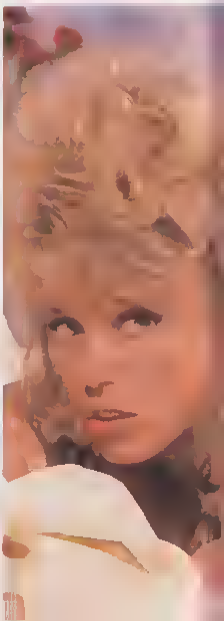




SUNDAY MIRROR



Ther[illegible] bright scarlet all over when h[illegible] takes [illegible] W[illegible] undresses for us she's showing us something very special [illegible] Rachel's favorite bra sets (36C, 32B–32) and [illegible] the town's sweetest little [illegible] Playgrounds [illegible] balconies per metre squared [illegible] what were they keeping warm[illegible] were in the pool when th[illegible] Fun or habitat were being disc[illegible]



The man who truly adores woman will love Allure. Like you, he appreciates the way you look and how you dress. And he'll delight in watching Rachel showcase gorgeous lingerie and sensuous separates. Allure is the perfect gift for the man who knows that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Although Rachel looks her best in Allure, she's the first to admit that Allure looks best on you. Because Allure was designed to bring out the beauty in every woman. Even you.

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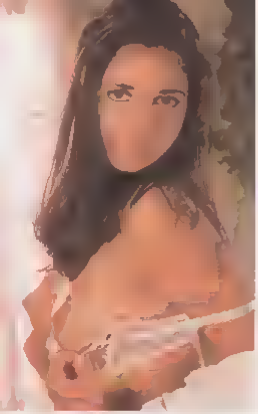
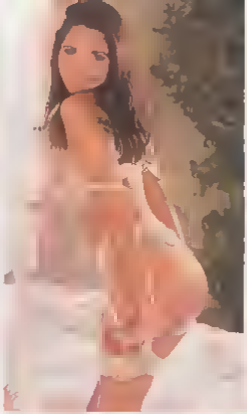
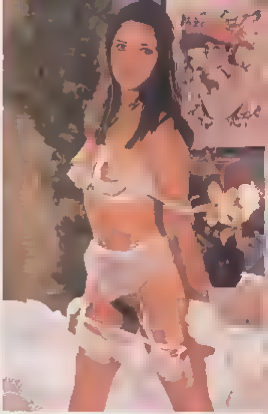
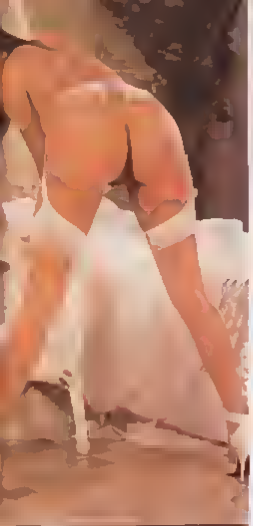
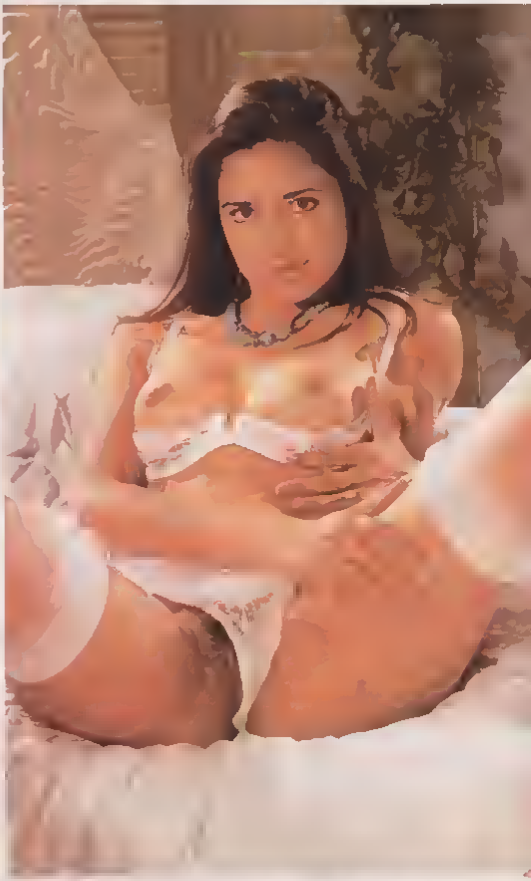




SATINDER

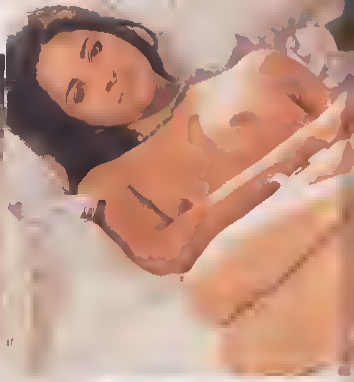


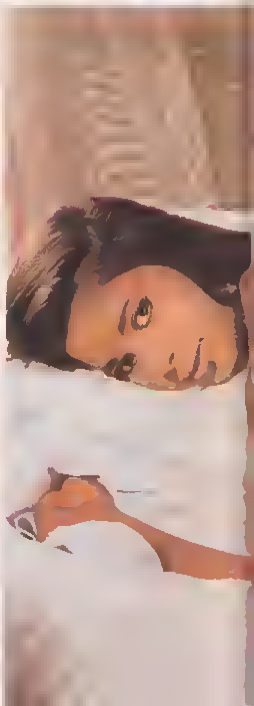


The In hat [illegible] 849 of the 1024 ways [illegible] genius if an discovered the pit per method of striking [illegible] the right hand while ranking the sound phut" The [illegible] trick that [illegible] soft and [illegible] middle piece of natural fibre stand ere [illegible] which is a good trick if you [illegible]

The Hindus have statues in their temples which cannot be matched by modern pornographers because you need six arms to handle it

Cunts and cocks are sacred symbols to them (and quite right too)





Ever how many Indian girls do you find putting themselves in a photnude position in the pages of *Men Only*? Pretty close to zilch. If you're sulking about Indian women from India to Indians in England behave like Englishmen. Or at least the way they think Victorian Englishmen behaved. They did everything they could to stop me. I'm sure plenty of you sad sacks out there are itching to catch the drooping dentures from my Dandex Virginia.

If Indian men are jealous of their women we think they have every right to be. Beauty, dignity, femininity and sexual appetite that leaves you gasping. I'm not saying you need six arms, but you do need a very active imagination (32C-24-37-11